

P O E M S

O N

Several OCCASIONS:

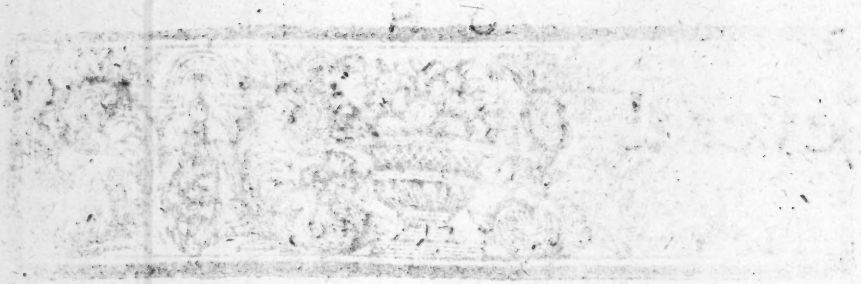
CONTAINING,

- | | |
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By a Lady.

L O N D O N:

Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, Price 6 d. 1728.



W. H. and R. A. 1800

THESE were taken at the
(And I can't find)
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FANCY *and* REASON.

A Controversy.

T HERE was of late a fatal Hour,
 (An Hour I can't forget,)

When in a soft and shady Bower,
 Fancy and Reason met ;

They both discern'd my fond Disease,
 And both came with Design,
 To heal the Wound, or give some Ease,
 To this sick Soul of mine :

Two restless mortal Foes they were,
 Each to himself seem'd wise,
 And each was eager to appear
 Most glorious in my Eyes :

They vex'd to see me look so ill,
 So wretched and so wan,
 Till Fancy, with bewitching Skill,
 His Counsel thus began.

A 2

Fancy.

(8)

Fancy.

Behold (Unhappy Youth) and see,
How foolish Reason guides;
Is not your Hopes and Humour free,
And in that State abides?
Then fetter not your generous Mind,
Let not your Kindness be
To Reason's rigid Laws confin'd,
Break loose and follow me.

Reason.

But shall a fenceless groundless Bliss,
Delude so pure a Flame?
Or shall the Transport of one Kiss,
Make mighty Reason Tame?
Shall Love it's fond Addresses make,
Unto so deaf an Ear?
And for vain Hope sure Love forsake?
Ah, gentle Youth, forbear.

Fancy.

The more she scorns, the more I'd Love,
The more she flights, I'd burn;
And if no Art her Passion move,
No Sighs her Sentence turn;
Yet would I Love, yet would I Live,
All Means and Methods try,
Hope may at last some Respite give,
When Hope fails, let me dye.

Reason.

But would he not more Prudence shew,
In Loving where he may,

Then

(3)

Then unsuccessful to pursue,
So cold a Piece of Clay?
Whom all the Charms that he can raise,
Will never, never touch;
As his Flame burns her Fire decays,
Because he loves too much.

Fancy.

Supppse she slight, suppose she frown,
And his kind Suit deny,
Let her that scorching Heat disown,
That's kindled from her Eye;
Yet never should his Wishes cease,
Nor he still to beseech,
For Cherries may the Fancy please,
That grow out of the Reach.

Reason.

But she prefers a meaner Swain,
And clasps him to her Breast,
To reap the Pleasure of his Pain,
Lull'd in her Arms to Rest;
Who scarce deserves, and less desires,
The Pleasure he possesses,
Such an affronting change requires,
Fancy, no more Addresses.

Fancy.

There's none so Loving, none so Kind,
Or true, I own, as he,
But if a Rival please her Mind,
A Rival let him be:
If she's content, let him bemoan,
Those Planets that Decree,

A 2

His

(4)

His Love for her, and her alone;
Yet Love Eternally.

Reason.

Ah Youth! Love rather where you may,
Ten Thousand Welcomes meet,
Where Favour will it's Wings display,
And cringes at your Feet;
Let that coy Creature be accurst,
And Live profoundly dull,
Why should you for fresh Waters thirst,
That have an Ocean full.

Fancy.

Ten Thousand Oceans are too small,
To quench a thirsty Heart,
Unless that she in Kindness shall,
Some Pity-Drops impart;
Kind Youth, if all the World implore,
And for thy kindness strove,
And if thy Dearest smile no more,
Still famish for more Love.

Reason.

Oh! rather Youth discern thy Crime,
Consider and be wise,
And check thy raving Soul in Time,
And in thy Turn despise;
The spacious World more Choice allows
Less Scornful and Severe,
Free of their Love, true to their Vows,
More Charming and more Fair.

Fancy.

(5)

Fancy.

Others in other Faces may,
Far greater Charms behold,
But sooner shall his Judgment say,
That Dross is purest Gold ;
Than he can view Dame Nature's Skill,
But in her Face alone,
Those Smiles transport, those Features kill,
She must be his, or none.

Reason.

If others see, then he is blind,
And wants some other Light ;
But if he sees, than all Mankind,
Have lost the Sence of Sight ;
For there's not one, but will concur,
And dares with me engage,
That none but he e'er fancy'd her,
The Phoenix of her Age.

Fancy.

The World may flatter if it please,
But what's the World to me ?
'Tis not the World shall give him Ease,
'Tis only, only she:
And tho' he ne'er allotted be,
Within her Heart a Place,
The World can soon despised be
Except that Charming Face.
Thus full of Fancy, full of Doubt,
To hear the Cause I sat,
Till Reason suddenly gave out,
And durst no longer prate :

Reason

Reason was strong, but Fancy sweet,
 Whose Dictates I'll pursue;
 Tho' ev'ry Cross my Wishes meet,
 Hope shall my Joys renew.



The HOOP-PETTICOAT.

THERE's scarce a Bard that writ in former
 (Time,
 Had e'er so great, so bright a Theme for Rhyme,
 The *Mantuan* Swain, if living, would confess,
 Ours more surprising than the *Tyrian* Dress;
 And *Ovid's* Mistress in her loose Attire,
 Would cease to charm his Eyes, or raise Desire.
 Were he at *Bath*, and had these Coats in View,
 He'd write his *Metamorphosis* a new.
Delia fresh-hoop'd, would o'er his Heart prevail,
 To leave *Corinna*, and her tawdry Veil.

Hear, Great *Apollo*, and my Genius guide,
 To sing this glorious Miracle of Pride,
 Nor yet disdain the Subject for its Name,
 Since meaner Things have oft' been sung to Fame.
 Ev'n Boots and Spurs have grac'd heroic Verse;
Butler his Knight's whole Suit did well rehearse.
King Harry's C—dp— stands upon Record,
 And ev'ry Age will Precedents afford.

Then on my Muse and sing in Epic Strain,
 The Petticoat -- Thou shalt not sing in vain,
 The Petticoat will sure reward thy Pain.
 With all thy Skill its secret Virtues tell,
 A Petticoat should still be handled well.

Oh!

(2)
Oh! Garment heavenly wide & thy spacious
(Round,
Does my astonish'd Thoughts almost confound.
My Fancy cannot grasp thee at a View,
None at first Sight - or such a Picture drew.
The daring Artist that describes thee true,
Must change his Sides as modern Statesmen do :
Or like the Painter, when some Church he draws
Following his own, but not the Builder's Laws,
At once shew but one Prospect to the Sight,
For North and South together can't be right.

Hence, ye Prophane! --- Nor think I shall
reveal:
The Happy Wonders which these Vests conceal.
Hence your unhallow'd Eyes and Ears remove :
'Tis Cupid's Circle, 'tis the Orb of Love.
Let it suffice, you see th' unweildy Fair,
Sail thro' the Streets with Gales of swelling Air,
Nor think (like Fools) the Ladies, would they
(try,
Arm'd with their Furbelows and these could fly,
That's all Romantick, for these Garments show,
Their Thoughts, are with their Petticoats, below.

Nor must we blame them, whilst they stretch
their Art,
T' adorn and guard the Fundamental Parts
For that perhaps may stand them more in stead,
Than Loads of Ribbons flutt'ring on the Head.

And let Philosophers say what they will,
There's something surer than their Eyes does
(kill.

We tell the Nymph that we her Face adore,
But well she knows we aim at something more.

In vain the Ladies spend their Morning Hours,
Erecting on their Heads stupendous Tow'rs
A Battery from thence may scare the Foe,
But certain Victory is gain'd below;
Let *Damen* then the adverse Champion be;
Topknots for him, and Petticoats for me.

Nor must he urge it spoils the Lady's Shape,
Tho' (as the Multitude at Monsters gape)
The World appears all lost in wilde Amaze:
As on these new, these strange Machines they
(gaze.

For if the *Cyprian* Queen from *Paphos* came,
Attir'd, as we are told, by Antique Fame:
Thus would they wonder at the Heavenly
Dame. }

I own, the Female World is much estrang'd
From what it was, and 'Top and Bottom chang'd;
The *Head* was once their darling constant Care, }
But Women's *Heads* can't heavy Burdens bear, }
As much, I mean, as they can do elsewhere. }
So wisely they transferr'd the Mode of Dress,
And furnish'd t'other End with the Excess.
What, tho' like Spires or Pyramids, they show,
Sharp at the Top, and of vast Bulk below:

It is a Sign they stand the most secure :
 A Maypole will not like a Church endure.
 And Ships at Sea, when stormy Winds prevail,
 Are safer in their Ballast than their Sail.
 Hail ! happy Coat ! for modern Damsels fit,
 Product of Lady's and of Taylor's Wit.
 Child of Invention rather than of Pride,
 What Wonders dost thou show ! What Wonders
 (hide !

Within the Shelter of thy useful Shade,
 The Pregnant *Flora* passes for a Maid :
 There *Galatea's* shrivell'd Limbs appear,
 As Plump and Juicy as they did last Year.
 Whilst tall *Miranda* her tall Shape improves,
 And grac'd by thee, in some Proportion moves.
 Ev'n those who are diminutively short,
 May please themselves, and make their Neigh-
 (bour's Sport ;

When to their Armpits harness'd up in thee,
 Nothing but Head and Petticoat we see.
 But oh ! what Figure fat *Sempronia* makes,
 At her Gygantick Form the Pavement quakes ,
 By thy Addition she's so much enlarg'd,
 Where-e'er she comes, the Sextons now are
 charg'd,
 That all Church-Doors and Pews be wider made,
 A vast Advantage to the Joyner's Trade :

Ye Airy Nymphs that do these Garments wear,
 Forgive my Want of Skill, not Want of Care ;
 Forgive me, if I have not well display'd
 A Coat for such important Uses made :

If

If ought I have forgot it was to prove,
 How fit they are, how *a propos* for Love.
 How in their Circles cooling *Zephirs* play
 And what on balmy Wings they bear away :
 But thee my Muse must halt — she dares no,
 (more
 Than hope the Pardon which she ask'd before.



The MISFORTUNE.

I.
Hold gentle *Cupid* hold in Vain
 Thy pointed Arrows fly,
 'Tis not my Love, 'tis not my Pain
 That needs a fresh supply:

I Love beyond the Bounds of Art
 Deep Sighs that Passion prove,
 And she to plague my melting Heart,
 With Scorn exceeds my Love.

2
 Is it her Fancy or her Pride
 That plays the Tyrant in her,
 That makes her smile on all beside,
 That Swan that dies to win her;
 And once had I that Charming Bride,
 Tho' now she's False and Coy,
 Thus *Sirens* (when they would beguile)
 Enchant and then Destroy.

There

(11)

3.

There was a Time when I was free.

And careless of her Charms,
None was so Loving, none like she,

Lay panting in my Arms;

Upon her Snowy Breast I might,

My Lukewarm Flames impart,

Tis strange a Skin so Lilly-White,

Should veil so false a Heart.

4

If this be Love, let all my Foes,

Be rack'd with such a Passion,

Earth can invent no greater Woes,

Nor Hell a worse Damnation;

If Heaven and the Joys above,

Are worth a Mortal's Care

Then sure I am, there is no Love;

Or else no Woman There.



A Song by Mr. BOOTH.

I.

WHEN Fair *Dorinda* first I saw,

I felt a pleasing Pain ;

I strove to fly from *Cupid's* Law,

But strove (alas) in vain.

II.

I fill'd a Bowl up to the Brim,

The God of Love to sink ;

But found the little God could swim,

And Power maintain in Drink.

(12)

III.

then address'd him for Relief,
Since he alone could save ;
To mollify a Lover's Grief;
And heal the Wound he gave.

IV.

The God presented me a Dart,
And said in Words Divine ;
Whene'er I touch *Dorinda's* Heart,
Dorinda should be mine,



On a YOUNG LADY going into
the *Faundice*.

CRUEL Distemper thus to seize,
Upon a Nymph so Fair ;
Thou base, tho' barbarous Disease,
Why dost thou harbour there ?

II.

Why dost thou seek thus to destroy,
What all Mankind admire ?
And if her beauteous Charms should die,
The World would soon expire.

III.

But tho' thou use thy utmost Spite,
 And her Complection shroud;
 Yet still her Charms will shew their Light,
 Like *Phabus* thro' a Cloud.



Old *Menalcas* and Young *Daphne*.

AS Youthful *Daphne* in the Cool of Day,
 In soft Repose beneath a Willow lay,
 The old *Menalcas* from his Grotto came;
 And trembling at her Feet display'd his Flame
Daphne (said he) 'tis neither Age nor Art,
 Can guide my Thoughts, or guard my melting
 (Heart;
 For sure no Charms have e'er exceeded thine,
 And no one's Love did ever equal mine.
 Scorn not these candid Locks, these Wrinkles are,
 The Symptoms of my Passion and my Care.
 Thus *Aetna's* Crown lies circled round with
 (Snow, }
 Whilst burning Torments from its Bowels flow, }
 And Everlasting Heat's maintain'd below, }

E'erlong

E'erlong these *Cedars* and this Willow shall,
 Shake off its Leaves, and let its Blossom fall,
 Yet shall the Spring its former Sweets recall.
 Lo ! how the Palsy moves that Shivering Asp,
 Whose Limbs e'er long Cold Frosty Nights shall
 (Grasp,
 Though wrapt in Winter Dews, yet *Daphne*
 (know,

Eternal Sap remains secure below.
 And I (Dear Nymph) shall by your Smiles reco-
 (ver,
 Youth's Air, Youth's Strength, and be your
 (Youthful Lover;
 Nay, you no more this Mossy-Beard shall see,
 But Old *Menalcas* shall Young *Æson* be,
 Each Member shall revive at your Command,
 And, by your Magick Skill, in Active Vigour
 (stand.

Smiling, her Scorn the Charming Nymph re-
 plies,

I must, Unhappy Swain, your Suit despise ;
 Yet in my Bloom, unskillfull in such Love,
 That must bewitch your Members e'er they move,
 Give me a Swain in whose victorious Arms
 I meet with equal Bliss, equal Charms,
 With equal Heat, and with an equal Skill ;
 To meet my Wishes and perform my Will.

ANOTHER & ANOTHER

*On Dreaming of VENUS, suppo-
sing my self in Bed with ---*

LATE in the Night when Bodies rest,
With Cares of lab'ring Day oppress'd;
When wand'ring Souls rove to and fro,
And Heav'n as well as Earth would know,
Presented to my greedy Sight,
The Goddess *Venus* shining bright,
In all her Airy Tresses clad, ———
It made my longing Soul full glad,
I kiss'd, I toy'd, in Love's Abode,
And took the Freedom of a God:
Her Snowy Wastè was joyn'd to mine,
Ye Gods! I stole a Bliss divine:
Not *Mars* was e'er in Bed so blest,
As I was with this Heav'nly Guest.
This was my Dream—but wak'd with Charms,
I found my Dearest in my Arms,
Which could no Disappointment prove,
For she is like to her above.

To CÆLIA Mask'd.

I.

MY Dear, that dark Obstruction move,
And shew thy Angel's Face ;
Your Charms are bright like those above,
You've ev'ry moving Grace.

II.

Then why will you thus strive to hide,
What we should all adore ;
To frame that Form was Nature's Pride,
She has shown her utmost Power.

III.

And why will you then thus abuse,
Kind Nature's good Intent,
You wrong her if you do not use,
What to be us'd she meant.

IV.

You see, my Love, the Glorious Sun,
Alike on all does shine ;
He sparing is of Light to none,
Then why art thou of thine.

V.

Tho' o'er your Face you cast a Shade,
And rob us of that Light ;
Your Eyes by it are brighter made,
They shine like Stars in Night.

VI.

Their Beams they dart thro' that dark Cloud,
Which swift like Light'ning flies ;
And 'tis more fatal too allow'd,
For he who sees it dies.

Icarus



ICARUS ; a Fable.

WHereas the Son of *Dædalus* (with Pride)
 (and Pinions led,
 Contemn'd the Mass of Native Earth and to
 (*Olympus* fled,
 The gazing Croud at once beheld his Folly and
 (his Flight,
 Having the middle Region past, t' approach the
 (Orb of Light;
 The wondring Throng foresaw his Doom, and
 (to each other cry,
 O whither mounts th'Aspiring Boy? He'll scorch
 (himself and dye.
 Sure *Jove's* asleep and spies him not, or will him
 (not recall
 Knowing the higher he shall climb, the worse
 (shall be his fall
 Scarce had the Sentence touch'd the Air, e'er in
 (the Air they view
 Th' Ambitious headlong Youth return, more
 (speedy than he flew.
 The yeilding Clouds his Fate conspire and all
 (the *God's* agree
 To quench his Thirst, and rebaptize the vast
Icarian Sea.

C 2

The

The Moral.

Thus have I known a Barrister the Path of
 (Honour tread;
 And scale the Steps of Dignity till seated on the
 (Head.
 With him the Monarch did entrust the keeping
 (of the Seal,
 And unto him inferior Courts for Justice did
 (appeal,
 Till envious Fate his Greatness saw, and glanc'd
 (an angry frown,
 And from the Throne of Chancery my Lord
 (came tumbling down.
 Each Country Bird deserts his Cause, his Inte-
 (rest forsakes,
 A City Swallow cherps his Fame, but one no
 (Summer makes.

*The COUNTRY JUSTICE.*

A Justice in a Country-Town,
 Some say, ill-natur'd and a Clown,
 (Concerning which we'll make no Pother,
 But think him furnish'd like another)
 When Clerk of Fees concurring Tribes
 Depriv'd, and Worship of his Bribes;

Would

The

Would oft lay down in quest of Bread,
 The graver Business of his Head:
 As on a Time upon the Scout,
 Like Vagabond he roam'd about;
 A Baker (as good People say)
 As hungry Justice came that way,
 From sultry Prison had let loose,
 Fresh, Plump, and piping hot, a Goose;
 The Scent (as you may well suppose)
 Soon caught his Worship by the Nose;
 And by that Handle held so fast,
 It forc'd Authority at last,
 Sir *Crusty* to intreat to spare,
 A Part of that delicious Fare:
 The *Baker* in a surly Tone,
 (For Manners he alas, had none)
 E'en told him that he might be gone,
 The *Goose* to Neighbour did belong,
 Whom he, good Christian, would not wrong;
 Tush, says the Justice, never mind,
 For that a Remedy I'll find,
 We'll eat the *Goose*, and when the Owner
 Comes with Demand to seize upon her,
 E'en tell him for Excuse, as you
 His *Goose* out of the Oven drew;
 A Flock of *Geese* flew gabbling by,
 And when that she had heard their Cry,
 Impatient she'd no longer stay,
 But with her Fellows flew away;
 With this, if he's not satisfy'd,
 The Cause must *Coram me* be try'd;
 Cleverly, without Hem or Cough,
 Ne'er doubt me, Friend, I'll bring ye off.

The

The *Baker* yields, a Case to clear,
 Subdued his Conscience and his Fear ;
 He thought it now a Crime to stay,
 Or doubt, when Justice shew'd the way.
 Thus was a Man, who would be just,
 By Justice led to break his Trust ;
 And a good Christian, 'twixt these two,
 Chous'd of his Goose and Reason too.



The FAITHFUL MARINER ;

A Song by Mr. Leveridge.

TO you who live at Home at Ease,
 And Revel in Delight ;
 We Mariners that sail the Seas,
 Befriended by a gentle Breeze,
 To you we thus indite.

Let all your Perturbations dye,
 Your private Feuds allay ;
 Let every Animosity,
 For ever in Oblivion lye,
 Now we are gone to Sea.

III.
 When forky Light'ning flies amain,
 And Thunder splits our Mast ;
 Think then what Dangers we sustain,
 Whom you compell'd to cross the Main,
 For Human Failings Past.

Behold

(21)
IV.
I hope to see my Dear once more,
Tho' I my Voyage pursue;
Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,
And waft me from *Britania's* Shore,
Believe me I am true.

V.
I neither dread the Wars Alarms,
Nor poisoned *Indian* Dart;
I hate the Thought of Foreign Arms,
But still respect dear *Molly's* Charms,
With whom I leave my Heart.

VI.
When I have suffer'd an Exile,
And favour'd by the Wind;
Enrich'd by *Carolina's* Spoil,
And Coasting for my Native Isle,
Perhaps she may prove kind.



The PARTING.
A Pastoral Dialogue.

Philander.

HARK how the Bleating Flocks bemoan,
My Fate and fear their own;
Chloe, 'tis for thy sake,
The Lambs their Sport forsake;
And sadly vent their Cares alone,

Behold

Behold Dear Nymph and see;
For sure with me they Lov'd, that Mourn with
(me.

Chloe.

Hard is my Fate unhappy Swain,
To Leave this Flow'ry Plain ;
A more Auspicious Day
May wash these Tears away,
And *Chloe* may return again ;
Till that blest Hour appears,
See here my Name this shady Willow bears.

Philander.

But how shall I these young ones feed
Or play upon this Reed,
When *Chloe* stands not by
To smile an Harmony,
And (with her Charms) new Numbers breed,
Each *Eccho* will recall
My Wants, my Woes, my *Chloe*, and my All.

Chloe.

When from these Happy Vales I go,
No Exile, and no Woe,
Shall woo my Boding Breast
From Musing on my Rest
We took, where yon green Beaches grow,
No Distance shall remove
The Thoughts of my *Philander* and his Love,

Philander.

Alas! the Myrtle and the Pine
Shall for your Sake decline;

The

(23)

The Rose shall disappear,
The Lilly Sable wear;
The Ivy shall it's Arms untwine:
Great *Pan* my Pray'rs despise;
And leave these Herds to Wolves a Sacrifice.

Chloe.

And yet (*Philander*) must I flee
From this Sweet Grott and thee,
If I return no more,
Yet, Shepherd, I implore;
When I am gone Remember me,
This Parting Kifs shall tell,
How hard it is to bid my Dear, Farewel.



A Song on the FREE-MASONS:

By Mr. Wilks.

YE Fools! come all hither, both Aged and
(Young,
And lend your Attention to my merry Song,
And you shall a Free *Mason* be, e'er it be long,
Which Nobody can deny, &c.

We make for five Guineas, the Price is but
(small,
And then Lords and Dukes, you your Brothers
(may call;
Have

D

Have Gloves, a White Apron, get Drunk, and
 (that's all.
Which Nobody, &c.

A Secret we have, which you never must tell,
 Least you should be punish'd hereafter in Hell;
 A Fate which has never *Free-Masons* besel,
Which Nobody, &c.

Now this is a Matter of Weight, pray suppose
 You swear, as a *Mason* you'll never disclose
 That Secret which you, nor no mortal Man
 (knows,
Which Nobody, &c.

You swear you for ever Assistant will be,
 To make your Acquaintance as great Fools as we,
 So welcome dear Brother to our Company.
Which Nobody, &c.



*A Paraphrase on some Verses in
 the 29th Chap. of Genesis.*

WHEN by Old *Isaac's* last Command,
Rebekah's free consent,
 Young *Jacob*, from his Native Land,
 To *Padan-Aram* went.

The

The Blooming *Rachel* he espies,
 Whose Killing Curing Art,
 The Window of his Soul, his Eyes,
 Convey'd into his Heart.

II.

'Twas *Laban's* youngest Daughter's smile,
 Made his Indentures strong,
 Her Charms ev'n Time it self beguile,
 And Seven Years seem'd not long:
 Nay when seven Summers were compleat,
 He freely serv'd Seven more;
 His Wages made his Service sweet,
 And he desired no more.

III.

And who would not Seven Thousand Years
 Himself a Servant make,
 Where Hopes are mixt to sweeten Cares,
 And all for Fancy fake?
Silver may greedy Fools obtain,
 Whereas my Humour's such,
 Were't not in Hopes of *Jacob's* gain,
 To slave an Hour were much.



CÆLIA'S Litany.

AS *Celia* to the Almighty pray'd,
 Upon her bended Knees she said,
 Hear the Petition of a Maid.
Lord I beseech thee.

In Pity view my wretched Fate,
And grant a Matrimonial State,
A Husband e'er it be too late.

Lord I beseech thee.

And in thy Mercy make him free,
From Prudence, Parts, and Piety,
But, above all things, let him be,

Lord I beseech thee.

A Formal Fop, a freekish Fool,
A cringing Antick, fenceless Tool,
Too much a Dunce to go to School.

Lord I beseech thee.

But grant him in the stead of Brain,
Plenty and Riches to maintain,
A pair of Blacks to bear my Train.

Lord I beseech thee.

And let my Charms his *Idol* be,
His Worship paid to only me,
And own no other Diety.

Lord I beseech thee

But to my own Imperious Mind,
Become a Vassal, and confin'd,
Obedient, Dutiful, and Kind,

Lord I beseech thee.

Whate'er I dictate, let him stand,
Like Sign-Post, with his Hat in Hand,
And kneel for fear at my Command,

Lord I beseech thee.

But if he won't contented be,
To dye when I his Doom decree,
And leave his whole Estate to me,

Lord I beseech thee.

Grant

Grant me a License to forsake him,
 But first of all a Cu — ld make him,
 And, lastly, let the D — I take him,

Lord I beseech thee.



Upon the Marriage of an Old Man to a Young Woman.

LOVE is that flutt'ring Heat, that restless
 (Fire,

That first taught Man to languish and ad-
 (mire;

To hope, to doubt, to promise and deny,

And to despair, decline, fall Sick, and dye :

An Heav'nly Union, and by which alone,

God could rejoin the Body and the Bone.

Thus *Adam*, in deep Slumber from above,

Hears a soft Voice, Awake, and Live, and

(Love,

No Blifs so sweet, no Passion so Divine,

Where Youth and Truth in equal Lustre shine,

And to compleat the Joy the Gods combine,

But

But now that sprightly Flame, no more ap-
 (pears,
 Deck'd with its Native Sweets, now Youth and
 (Years,
 Like sportive Lamb and aged Bear unite,
 And Morning's Dawn submits to Shades of
 (Night.

Thus have I seen a blooming Nymph misled,
 By Silver Guides unto an Old Man's Bed;
 Poor harmless Sacrifice, Oh! fatal hap,
 To see the Drone lye lolling on her Lap;
 Thus plays the Wolf, and thus the Captive
 (Prey,
 Complies, because it dares not disobey.

No mutual Charms th' unhappy Tye adorn,
 Those weak Caresses meet a silent Scorn;
 Those dull Assaults, and that expiring Fire,
 May raise a Thought, but not allay Desire;
 That Impotency shews her to her Cost,
 Not what she does enjoy, but what she lost,
 She sighs, laments, she trembles, and she pants,
 And pines for what she hath, and longs for what
 (she wants:

Two equal Plagues that check the Joys of Life,
 To live unwed, or dye a Maiden Wife.

The R O S E.

THE Rose, as Poets us perswade,
 Was once a *Cyprian* King,
 Slain by a Boar, by *Venus* made
 The Glory of the Spring;
 The Nymph contrives the Flow'r, we see,
 With Prickles fenced round,
 That every one that touch'd, might be
 In danger of a Wound:
 And if the Blood, which at the Death
 Of Fair *Adonis* fell
 The Colour gave, it was the Breath
 Of *Venus* gave the Smell.

The L A R K.

THE Lark, ascending on her easy Wings,
 Sings as she rises, rising as she sings;
 Though past our Sight, her distant Voice we
 (know,
 When as she looks with Scorn on us below,
 And mounts on Message to th' Immortal Pow'rs,
 To learn their Musick, or to teach them ours.

The



The Recantation to C U P I D.

I.

WHAT! Love again? (no *Cupid*) spare
(thy Dart,
He travels far that ne'er returns;
Spend no more Arrows on a stubborn Heart,
No Flames but *Hell* for ever burns;
I scorn thy Quiver, and no Pains endure
But what Repentance and past Sin procure.

II.

What! Sigh again? (not *Cupid*) for her Sake,
That would not grant a Smile for mine,
Lay down thy Bow, and to thy Wings betake,
Else be the Shame and Damage thine,
Blind Boy, beware, my Heart is hard as Stone,
How shall I laugh when all my Shafts are gone.

III.

What, dye again? No, gentle *Cupid*, no,
Thy sharpest Arrows will not wound;
Ten Thousand Shafts into my Bosom throw,
There will not one poor Scar be found:
Yet will I Love, but let that Passion be
For his dear sake, that dy'd for Love of me.

IV.

IV.

What, hope again? not, *Cupid* for a Bliss,
Which, at the best, is but a Shade;
But, tho' those Worthless Toys I miss,
I hope for Joys that never fade,
Joys that still smile, but never shall beguile,
Yet never frown, because they always smile.



Upon MARRIAGE.

DULL and Pedantick is that giddy Sot,
That forfeits Freedom to pursue his Lot,
Among the Senseless Crowd that drudge to
(gain
The Bondage of a Matrimonial Chain.

O stay, Curs'd *Hymen*. stay,
Tell me by what malignant Sway,
Thy Scepter bears an uncontrouled Awe?
Or binds a Free-born Soul to Wedlock's rigid
(Law?

What Basis can support thy Throne?
Or, wilt thou not thy Kingdom own?
When Arbitrary Power commands,
And Empire lodges in a Tyrant's Hands,
No Whimp'ring Disobedience dares reply,
The Sov'reign's Frown proclaims, Submit or Dye:
But thy Imperial Mandate can afford,
Subjects without a Senate or a Sword;

Such monstrous Herds unto thy Temple come,
And kindly drag their Vassalages home ;

Yet no Sedition in thy State,

Sworn to their Fortune and their Fate,
The Slaves comply, and fondly take Delight,
To bear the Yoke of Day, and dull Fatigue of
(Night.

But what unhappy Dog-Star joins his Nod,
With this Infernal *Hymeneal* God ?

What inauspicious Doom does Heav'n decree
Against our Native Charter ? And must we

To please the sportive God, comply

With Loss of Priviledge and Liberty ?

If *Jove* wants Advocates, and Heav'n Supplies,

Our Sov'reign Guards, our Nation Families,

Let Heav'n indulge us, leave us unconfin'd,

When Bodies join, yet to reserve the Mind :

If Priests want Coin, or Consistorial Courts

Grumble for Gain, and summon for Resorts,

Let us contribute, and the Laws be fed

With treble Fees, because w'are yet unwed.

Have you e'er seen a Fox forsake

The spacious Forest, and betake

Himself to wait the Motions of one Stake ?

Ev'n such is Man that dares consent to tye,

His Soul and Body to supply,

One thirsty Fabrick of Mortality.

Ty'd Tongue and Tail, Slave to a Smile or

(Frown,

Bearing his Arms and Emblem on his Crown ;

There sit, there stand, and lye,

There breathe thy last, and die.

Let

Let me in *Bridewell*, or in *Bedlam* be,
 Bound, lash'd, and lash'd to all Eternity ;
 Nay, fix me to a Post, or bind me to a Gate,
 But free me from a Wedded State ;
 Plague me with *Ægypt's* Woes, and more,
 Let ev'ry Member ake, and Joint be sore,
 Add all the Crosses can befall my Life,
 Excepting Wedlock and a Wife ;
 Let me at *Tyburn* or the Dungeon dye,
 With Bonfires, and without Elegy ;
 Let all befall me that the Poets tell,
 Yet all is well,
 If never damn'd to that insipid Life,
 That galls the Neck by Yoking with a Wife.



Upon RETIREMENT.

HAIL Sacred Pow'rs, whose awful Sway,
 Directs the Glorious Beams of Day,
 At whose Command the swelling Main;
 First foams with Pride, then smiles again ;
 At whose Displeasure Princes fall
 From Throne, from Scepter, and from all ;
 And by whose boundless Courtesy
 These Valleys were allotted me,

Here no seditious Tales molest
 My calm and undisturbed Rest,
 No Murmurs, but of purling Streams,
 Infect, or interrupt my Dreams ;
 No noisy Crowds or jealous Fears,
 With idle Buzzings fill my Ears :
 No Pomp, no Pride, no Envious Strife,
 Mix with the Pleasures of my Life.

But when *Aurora*, sweet and gay,
 Ushers the dawning of the Day,
 Or when the Welcome Orb of Light
 Dispels the gloomy Shades of Night,
 Ten Thousand warbling Notes adorn,
 The welcome Goddesses of the Morn ;
 Then with Compassion I bemoan
 The Throng, the City, and the Throne.

When I behold the fragrant Flow'rs,
 The Blossoms, and the private Bow'rs,
 The Verdant Meads, the Lofty Hills,
 The lonesome Shades, the gliding Rills,
 The Flocks, the Forests, and the Swains,
 That guide those Flocks, and guard the Plains ;
 Ten thousand Transports from Above,
 Inspire my Breast, and bid me Love.

And when my *Chloe* crowns my Bliss,
 With one unenvy'd melting Kiss ;
 Within the Circle of her Arms,
 I own her Conquest and her Charms ;
 The Grove, and Grotto, both comply
 To sigh for Love, as well as I ;
 The list'ning Rocks their Eccho make,
 And answer *Chloe* when I speak.

Here

Here let me live, here let me find
 My Heart at Ease, my *Chloe* kind;
 My Friends sincere, my Passion free
 From Rivals, and from Jealousy:
 And let the Fop his Pride pursue,
 A Fool expos'd to publick View;
 Whilst these delicious Shades are fill'd
 With Joys that Cities never yield.



In Praise of a CITY LIFE.

WHEN Time was in it's Infancy,
 From Man's Rebellion sprung a Curse,
 Briars and Thorns, by Heav'n's Decree,
 O'erspread the Spacious Universe;
 The vast *Creation*, once divinely blest,
 With ghastly Brambles and Confusion drest.
 The Teaming Surface of the Earth,
 Bred Weeds, and *Savage Monsters* nurs'd.
 The Poysonous Plants found easy Birth,
 And Bliss and Blessings seem'd revers'd.
Cain toil'd for Bread, and *Abel's* Blood was spilt,
 And all was rude till Man had *Cities* built.

But when the Sons of Men grew wise,
 And nobly sought Immortal Fame,
 The Vales of *Shimar* they despise,
 And *Bable's* lofty Turrets frame:

And

And tho' 'twere *Sodom's Lot*, t'expire in Flame,
Lot scorns the *Mount*, and unto *Zoar* came.

No Barbarous Defart pleas'd his Eye,

No Rustick Cell his Fancy mov'd,
 Let me, said he to *Zoar*, fly,

Because a *City* 'twas belov'd ;

A *City* ——— O delightful grateful Sound !

Where matchless Sweets, and endless Joys a-
 (bound.

In this great *Scene* the *Senate* Acts,

And ends the grand Affairs of State;

Here private Deeds, and publick Facts,

Afford fresh Subjects of Debate ;

Here pregnant Parts, and choicest Wits appear,

Nay Art, in every form, concentrers here.

Here, whilst the Fates affords us Breath,

We Live, and Riot in delight,

Here we delude the fears of Death,

Those Horrors of eternal Night,

Whilst Country Vassals meet with *Korah's Tomb*

Buried alive, Gulft in Oblivion's Womb.

Like moving *Ghosts*, or wandring Stocks,

The Scum and Rubbish of Mankind,

They drudge in Dirt, converse with Rocks

And Caves, as empty as their Mind ;

Arabia's Wastes may nurture and betray

As many Brutes, but none so vile as they.

Far from these Shades let me obtain

A Mansion, publick as my Fame ;

And let no private Cottage stain

Th' aspiring Greatness of my Name :

Ye Pow'rs allow me this, and when I die,

I'll say no more against Obscurity.

The



The CONFESSION.

IN Peaceful Shades *Amyntas* sat,
 Where none but Heaven's Eye,
 Shed Tears in Sorrow for his Fate,
 Or view'd his Misery.
 With melting Sighs the restless Swain
 The God of Love address'd,
 To have some Pity on his Pain,
 Or heal his wounded Breast.
Daphne was all the Shepherd's Cry,
 His Wishes, and his Thought;
 And all that *Cupid* could deny,
 And all *Amyntas* sought.
 'Tis for her Sake, said he, I spend
 These weary Hours alone;
 And for her Sake, these Valleys lend
 An Eccho to my Moan.
 This silent Grotto, for her Sake,
 A Shelter will bestow,
 This melancholly Grove partake,
 In Murmurs of my Woe.
 Only the Nymph that can relieve,
 Beholds me with Disdain,
 Triumphs to see *Amyntas* grieve,
 And glories in my Pain.

But

But tell me, Nymph, are those soft Eyes,
 By which your Lovers live ;
 Design'd by Nature to despise,
 Or scorn the Wounds they give ?
 If you conceive my Sufferings just,
 Let me my Sentence hear ;
 And know the Doom I now distrust,
 And feel the Fate I fear.
 If so, this solitary Grove
 Shall my Affliction shew ;
 And if *Amyntas* dies for Love,
 'Twas, *Daphne*, long of you.
 But if there yet remains for me
 One welcome Smile in store,
 How happy shall *Amyntas* be,
 That ne'er desired more.
Daphne, by all the Pow'rs above,
 Thus is your Slave perplex'd ;
 But if I may expect your Love,
 Smile when you see me next.

F I N I S.